

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

VOL. 10.—NO. 10.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY OCTOBER 21, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 472.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

ADDRESS

OF THE LIBERTY PARTY STATE CONVENTION.

The following Address was adopted by the Liberty Party State Convention, held in this city, yesterday: [Syracuse Chronicle.]

The Liberty Party of New York to the People of the State of New York:

There are many who wonder that we who make up so small a number, should persevere from year to year, in maintaining our political organization; in foregoing all political pretensions; and in subjecting ourselves to ridicule and contempt. Our answer to them is, that we will gladly abandon our political organization, as soon as they will point out any other to which we can honestly betake ourselves. But where is there any other, which represents our essential views of civil government? Where is there any other, which holds, as we hold, that civil government is equally of all, and equal for all? That blacks and whites, males and females, have all an equal right to take part in the choice of their rulers, and to share in its protection? Where is there any other, which claims that the law, as bound to regard the enormities of crime, does not and cannot recognize slavery; and that the greatest of all crimes against the rights, and interests, and nature of man cannot, by any possibility, come under the shelter and sanctity of law? Where is there any other, which holds that the right to buy and sell freely, whenever and wherever they please, is also a right natural? Manifestly, our own is the only party of this character; and therefore, as we would be honest, we must continue to cling to it.

We would not undervalue the fresh excitement against slavery. And yet, we cannot hope for good from it, any farther than it is sustained by the conviction that slavery has, and can have no Constitutional protection; and by the conviction that all, instead of acknowledging slavery to be law, are bound to regard the enormities of crime as necessarily an outlaw. They who are busy in excluding slavery from Kansas and Nebraska, and who yet admit its Constitutional existence in other parts of the country, are doing far more for slavery than the one and the other are doing against it. The one, by excluding slavery from Kansas and Nebraska, is doing more for slavery than the other is doing against it. The one, by excluding slavery from Kansas and Nebraska, is doing more for slavery than the other is doing against it. The one, by excluding slavery from Kansas and Nebraska, is doing more for slavery than the other is doing against it.

It is objected to the Liberty Party, that it undertakes the simultaneous success of all political truths. But such an undertaking, instead of being a valid objection to the party, is its highest, as well as its most distinctive merit. The true of its exertion to its is the very best time to expose, and to translate into practice any truth in the moral or political world. We have no right to expect that the revolution will be accomplished in a day, or that we will be able to honor it, and to identify ourselves with it. Indeed, the natural and observed punishment in such case is to leave him who has thus rejected and insulted a truth, to be forever blind to it. If then, several truths are present to solicit our interest, we are not at liberty to ignore or resist any of them.

There is no more fallacious idea than that a political party would hinder the success of one truth by allowing itself to be interested in another. Truths are mutual helpers; and the more of them is each one of them advanced, the more the party should not excuse themselves for turning away from one reform, on the pretence that they are engaged with another. Instead of waiting for the success of the anti-slavery cause, they enter upon the land, and they cause the hindrance. The next two victims are a noble middle-aged man, and wife who called herself twenty-two. They are not to be sold together, for they would not bring so much money as if sold separately; and moreover, it seems the design of every one who has anything to do with slaves, to discourage and debase all the domestic loves to which the human heart is addicted. The young wife was questioned in this manner, that she might perchance recommend herself:

"How long have you been married?"
"Twenty years."

"How many children have you?"
"None."

"And she made the last reply, in a saddened tone, the tears started to her eyes, and she turned beseechingly to her husband for protection. Upon this, the questioner, too, turns ferociously upon him—

"You villain, you! have you lived with that young woman for three years, without her having any children?"

Now the true man was seen, although bound in fetters and trampled in the dust. With form erect and folded arms, and with a dignity that might have lent lustre to Othello himself, he calmly replied:

"We have had one boy, but God took him. The fact that the woman had been the mother of but one child, and that dead, was the reason of the low price of two hundred dollars for which she was knocked down. She was purchased by a Red River planter, to be turned out into the fields to sow the seeds of profligacy. The husband was afterwards sold for seven hundred and fifty dollars, to be sent into the swamps of Tennessee as a wood-chopper. The two were separated, never more to meet in this world. It is expected husbands and wives thus parted will form new connections, rear up new families, and perhaps be agitated and divided asunder. Thus are the holiest of the institutions of heaven rendered void by the management of men; and thus are the poor ignorant slaves made to commit the sins that are denounced by all moral and civil law, and by the direct command of God."

The next spectacle was as much as we could bear. We thought of our own dear domestic loves—then three thousand miles away. The love and the sympathy of the wife entwined into our own soul, that no fate in time or eternity could separate the two whose separate existence had become one life. The clinging fondness of the little ones, who will not be content with a separate existence, but insist on being a part of the parent self. We left the scene, but the anguish of that separated pair followed us; it has not ceased to follow us since. There was the memory of their little log house on the river side; there was the place where their early love, as they had been reared up together on their wealthy owner's plantation; from thence they had entered the precincts of the church and before God, and in the holy firm of the Episcopacy, had they promised to take each other for the better or for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death should part them, according to God's holy ordinance. There was born to them a little boy, who had cherished their hearts, then and there, and there, had by his little grave, over

which they had wept together, and only would comfort in believing God had taken him. I sat last long lingering look, were crowded it, gathering reminiscences of all the happiness that had known in life.

Reader, you have already, in your heart, cursed the hardened villain that stood around that auction-block, engaged in the business of severing families, and trampling on every thing sacred and valuable in the life of mortals, and have seen a man, and no millions spent at the State Treasury to support an army of idle loafers. There is in Vermont a nation of hardy mountaineers, athletic men and handsome women; a great community of honest industrious farmers, cultivating a fruitful soil, and enjoying the rewards of peaceful industry.—N. Y. Tribune.

From the National Era.

LETTER

FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE R. E. CHURCH SOUTH, IN KANSAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN.

DOUGLAS MISSION, August, 1854.

Last week—the Lord be praised for all his mercies to his unworthy servant—I arrived

Safe at the Mission, via Westport; where I tarried overnight to eat in forming

A Vigilance Committee, to send back, in shorts of tar and feathers, doublets quilted with forty stripes save one, all Yankee comers, Unchristianized and gentile, aliens from the Commonwealth of Israel, who despise

The prize of the high calling of the saints, to plant amid this heathen wilderness

Pure gospel institutions, sanctified

By patriarchal use. The meeting opened

With prayer, as was most fitting. Half an hour, or thereabout, I groined and strove and wrestled

As Jacob did to Pessel, till the power

Fell on the people, and they cried "Amen!"

"Glory to God!" and stamped and clapped their hands;

And the rough-looking boatman wiped their eyes;

"Go it, old boss!" they cried, and doimed the nig-

gers—

Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,

"Cursed be Canaan." After prayer, the meeting

Chose a committee—good and pious men—

A Presbyterian elder, Baptist deacon,

A local preacher, three or four classifiers,

Anglican inquirers, and renewed backsliders,

A score in all—to watch the river ferry,

(As they of old did watch the fords of Jordan),

And cut off all those Yankee tongues return

The Sabbath of the Nebraska Bill,

And then, in answer to repeated calls,

Gave a brief account of what I saw

In Washington; and truly many hearts

Rejoiced to know the President and his

And General Cushing, regularly hear

The gospel message of a Sunday morning

Bringing with it the souls of the sincere

Mix of the world. Glory! Amen and Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have gone well:

The brother who, through my absence, acted

As overseer, assures me that the crops

Never were better. I have lost one negro,

A first-rate hand, but obtained a substitute;

He ran away some time last spring, and hid

In the river timber. There my Indian converts

Found him, and freed and shot him. For the rest,

The heathens round about begin to feel

The influence of our pious ministrations

And works of love; and some of them already

Have purchased negroes, and are setting down

As sister Christians! Bless the Lord for this!

I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear

Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,

To fight the wild beasts of Ephesus,

Long John and Dutch Free-Sellers. May your arm

Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be

found

The sweet oil persuasion. So desires

Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

P. S. All's best! Even while in grief I write these

lines,

The Yankee Abolitionists are coming

Upon us like a deluge—grin, stalwart men,

Each face set like a flint of Plymouth rock

Against our institutions—stalking out

Their taro lots on the wooded Wakarusa,

Or squatting by the mellow-bottomed Kansas—

The pioneers of mightier multitudes—

The small rain-gutter are the thunder-shower

Downs the dry prairies. Hope from man is not

Snug naïveté chaplaincy or clerkship, where

These rumors of free labor and free soil

Might never meet me more. Better be

Doorkeeper in the White House, than to dwell

Amid these Yankee tides, that whitening show

On the green prairie, like a fleet bearded

Metemorphosis! Hear a voice come up the river

From those far layous, where the alligators

Mount guard around the cowering filibusters:

"Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to Cuba,

Where nay's 't'ho, underneath thy vine and fig

tree,

Watch thy increase of sugar cane and negroes

Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent!"

Amen! So note it be. So prays your friend.

From the Washington Star.

ARREST OF A BLACK MAN ON SUSPICION—A BOLE IN A SOUTHERN RAILWAY CAR.

On Tuesday afternoon, as the 5 o'clock train was

on its way to Baltimore, a scene occurred not ex-

pected by the passengers. At the Annapolis junction,

Judge Mason of Maryland, accompanied by

several gentlemen, got in the car, and discovered

a colored man whom he recognized as a fellow who

had decamped some nine or ten slaves from their

masters. He told the fact to the conductor, Mr.

Owen Humphreys, who overhauled his tickets, and

found that the man was properly authorized to

travel on the road, was bound for, and had an in-

disputable right to pass, so far as the rules of the

road and the law was involved. He refused, told

Judge Mason that he had no authority to arrest him.

The Judge remarked that justice should be done,

when the conductor intimated him that there was

a police officer in the car, who could arrest the

"fugitive," as understood, resulting in the intro-

duction of Officer Busher, to whom the judge made

the statement that he had made to Mr. Humphreys.

In the meantime, the conductor discovered the

fugitive in the private apartment appropriated to

him, sitting alongside of a white woman, and

ordered him out. About this time Officer Busher

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Reader, you have already, in your heart, cursed the hardened villain that stood around that auction-block, engaged in the business of severing families, and trampling on every thing sacred and valuable in the life of mortals, and have seen a man, and no millions spent at the State Treasury to support an army of idle loafers. There is in Vermont a nation of hardy mountaineers, athletic men and handsome women; a great community of honest industrious farmers, cultivating a fruitful soil, and enjoying the rewards of peaceful industry.—N. Y. Tribune.

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I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear

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To fight the wild beasts of Ephesus,

Long John and Dutch Free-Sellers. May your arm

Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be

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The sweet oil persuasion. So desires

Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

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